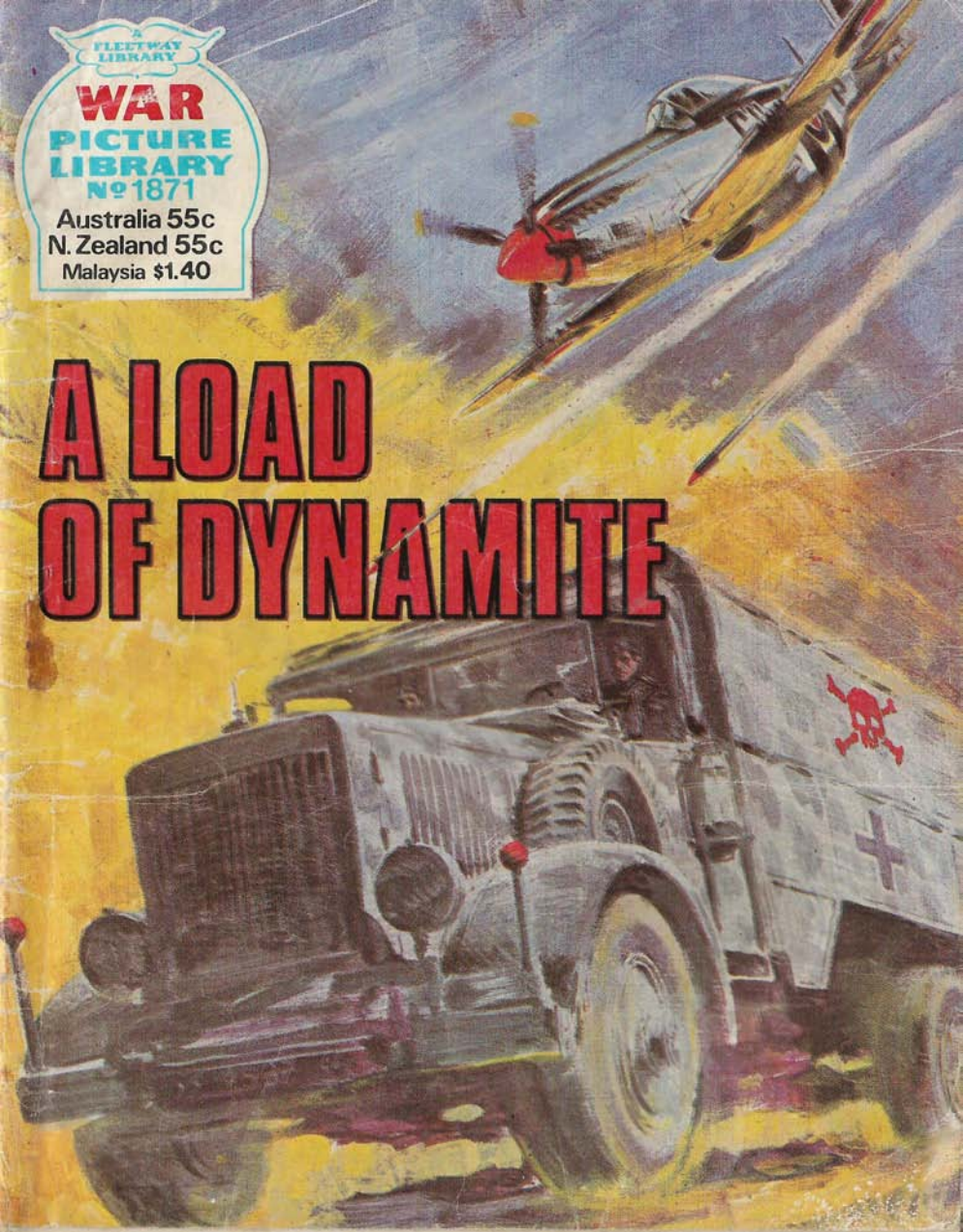


A
FLEETWAY
LIBRARY

WAR
PICTURE
LIBRARY
No 1871

Australia 55c
N. Zealand 55c
Malaysia \$1.40

A LOAD OF DYNAMITE



ALSO ON SALE NOW...

BATTLER BRITTON

PICTURE LIBRARY

45p

**HOLIDAY
SPECIAL**



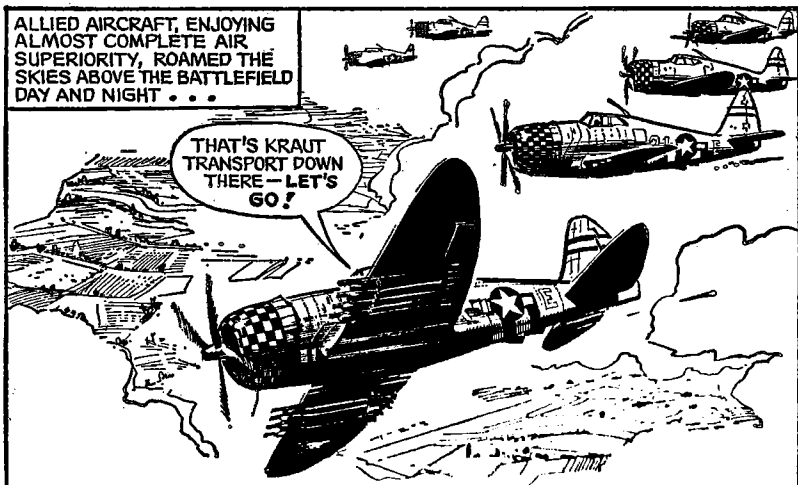
192 ACTION-PACKED PAGES

A LOAD of DYNAMITE

THE ALLIED ARMIES HAD
LIBERATED THE GREATER
PART OF FRANCE AND WERE
SWEEPING IRRESISTIBLY
FORWARD TOWARDS THE
LOW COUNTRIES AND
TOWARDS GERMANY...



Chapter I. *BOMB ON WHEELS!*



CORPORAL WALTER ANDORF AND SERGEANT SIEGFRIED MANN WERE AFRIKA KORPS VETERANS...

ANOTHER TWENTY KILOMETRES—THEN WE SHOULD BE IN THE FRONT LINE.



THEY HAD BOTH BEEN WOUNDED IN NORTH AFRICA AND FORCED TO TAKE NON-COMBATANT JOBS, BUT SINCE THE TIDE HAD TURNED AGAINST GERMANY, EVEN DRIVING A RATION TRUCK WAS DANGEROUS, DIFFICULT, WORK.

AND EVEN IF WE FIND THE FRONT LINE—NO-ONE WILL KNOW WHERE ANY OF THE UNITS ARE.



BUT WE'LL GET THROUGH, SIEGFRIED—WE ALWAYS HAVE.

IT WAS AS WALTER HAD CONFIDENTLY PREDICTED. LATER THAT DAY, THEIR ARRIVAL WAS ANNOUNCED TO THE COMMANDER OF A UNIT OF WAFEN S.S. ...



A RATION TRUCK HAS ARRIVED, HERR MAJOR.

ACH, SO...?

S.S. MAJOR FELDSTURN TURNED AND WALKED ABRUPTLY FROM THE GROUP OF N.C.O.s HE HAD BEEN DRESSING DOWN.

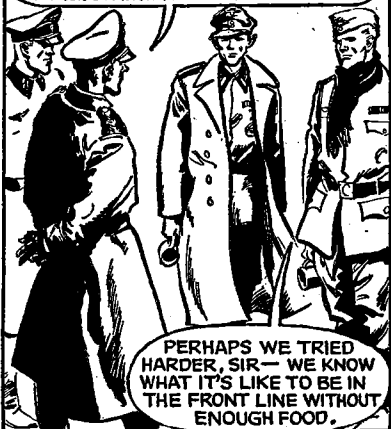
THE LATEST REPORTS SHOW THAT THE AMERICANS ARE ATTACKING IN STRENGTH.

JA, HERR MAJOR. WE SHALL SOON BE IN ACTION AGAIN.



THE MAJOR HALTED BY THE RATION TRUCK.

YOURS ARE THE FIRST RATIIONS WE HAVE SEEN FOR A WEEK. HOW DID YOU GET THROUGH WHEN THE OTHERS FAILED?



PERHAPS WE TRIED HARDER, SIR— WE KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE IN THE FRONT LINE WITHOUT ENOUGH FOOD.

THE MAJOR CURTLY DISMISSED THE YOUNG LEUTNANT AND TOLD THE TRANSPORT MEN TO FOLLOW HIM...

YOU ARE LIMPING, FELDWEBEL.

JA, MAJOR— I LOST HALF MY FOOT IN LIBYA. KORPORAL ANDORF HERE HAD HIS ARM SMASHED. SO NOW WE DELIVER THE RATIIONS.



THERE WAS A LOCKED GARAGE NEARBY WITH A GUARD OUTSIDE. FELDSTURN TOOK THEM IN . . .

INSIDE THIS TRUCK ARE SAMPLES OF A NEW SECRET EXPLOSIVE THAT WAS BEING MADE NEAR HERE. IT MUST BE SAVED. I WANT YOU TO DRIVE IT TO BELGIUM.



THEY MADE A FEW OBJECTIONS—AFTER ALL, IT WAS RISKY ENOUGH ON THE ROADS THESE DAYS WITHOUT SITTING ON TOP OF A LOAD OF EXPLOSIVE!

—AND THEN AGAIN, MAJOR—WHAT ABOUT OUR OWN C.O.?



I WILL ARRANGE THINGS WITH HIM—AND ONE OF MY MEN WILL TAKE BACK YOUR RATION TRUCK. OF COURSE, IF YOU'RE AFRAID...

THE MAJOR HAD STRUCK THE RIGHT NOTE...

WE'LL DO THE JOB, SIR!

GOOD. BUT REMEMBER—THIS IS A SECRET MISSION, DON'T TALK ABOUT IT TO ANYONE. AND THE TRUCK MUST REMAIN LOCKED!



THE MAJOR'S EYES
HELD THEM WITH AN
ALMOST HYPNOTIC
GLANCE . . .

THE CARGO MUST
REACH ITS DESTINATION—
AND NOW IT IS IN YOUR
HANDS! I KNOW YOU
WILL NOT FAIL ME!

THEY TRANSFERRED THEIR PERSONAL EQUIPMENT FROM
THE RATION LORRY. FELDSTURN GAVE THEM A FEW LAST
INSTRUCTIONS, AND THEY SET OFF . . .

YOU ARE DOING SOMETHING
IMPORTANT FOR YOUR COUNTRY
AND YOUR FUEHRER.
HEIL HITLER!

HEIL
HITLER!

THEY HAD A FEW MISGIVINGS AS THE HEAVY TRUCK
GROUND SLOWLY DOWN THE ROAD . . .



WALTER STOOD ON HIS SEAT AND POKED HIS HEAD OUT THROUGH THE ROOF OF THE
CAB, TO GET A BETTER LOOK AT THE SKY. BUT AS HE DID SO A BULLET HUMMED
THROUGH THE AIR NEAR HIM . . .



WALTER'S CRIPPLED LEFT
ARM STOPPED HIM USING
A RIFLE, BUT HE HAD A
MAUSER AUTOMATIC WITH
A SHOULDER PIECE . . .

I WON'T HIT HIM—
BUT I'LL MAKE HIM KEEP
HIS HEAD DOWN .



THEY WERE SOON OUT OF RANGE . . .

DID
YOU SEE
HIM?

NO . MAYBE IT WAS
SOME AMERICANS WHO
HAVE INFILTRATED THE LINE—
MAYBE IT WAS ONE OF THE
MAQUIS—I DON'T KNOW .



THEIR PRINCIPAL DANGER, THEY KNEW,
LAY IN THE AIR . . .

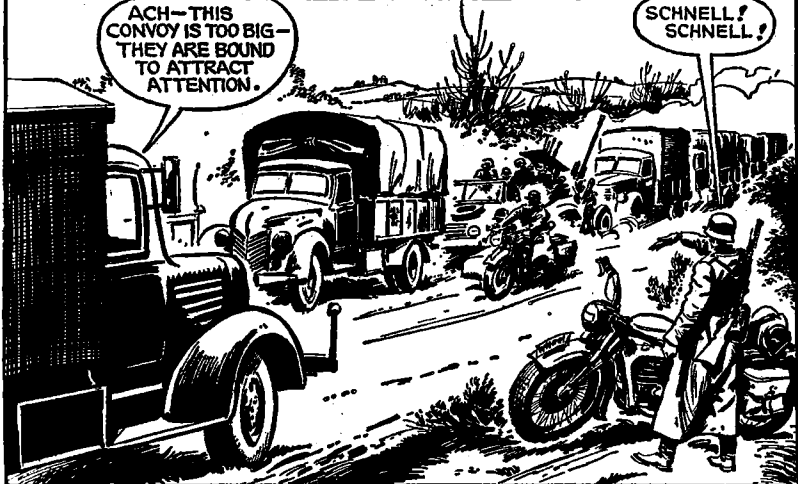
ALL
CLEAR—
AT THE
MOMENT .



THEY MET A SUPPLY COLUMN COMING THE OTHER WAY . . .

ACH--THIS
CONVOY IS TOO BIG--
THEY ARE BOUND
TO ATTRACT
ATTENTION.

SCHNELL!
SCHNELL!



TO ADD TO THE CONFUSION, THEY FOUND THAT A COUPLE OF
FARM CARTS WERE BLOCKING THE WAY . . .

GET OFF THE ROAD,
YOU DUMMKOPF!

ACHTUNG!



AS THE FLIGHT OF ROCKET-FIRING TYPHOONS MATERIALISED OUT OF THE BLUE, FLAK GUNS SWIVELLED ROUND TO GREET THEM, BUT SIEGFRIED AND WALTER KNEW THEY HAD TO GET OUT OF THE TARGET AREA . . .



THE ARMOURD TRUCK BUMPED IN THROUGH THE GATE AND ACCELERATED ACROSS THE CORN STUBBLE. THERE WAS A HUGE STACK OF STRAW SHEAVES IN THE FAR CORNER OF THE FIELD AND SIEGFRIED DROVE STRAIGHT AT IT.



THE TRUCK DISAPPEARED INTO THE STRAW. THEN THE DRIVER PUSHED HIS WAY OUT AND RAN TO JOIN ... WALTER IN THE DITCH ALONG BY THE HEDGE...



THERE WAS A TREMENDOUS ROAR AS THE LEADING PLANES LOOSED THEIR SALVOES OF ROCKETS ...



THE PLANES USED THEIR TWENTY MILLIMETRE CANNON, AS WELL, AND WHEN THEIR AIM WAS ASTRAY, THE SHELLS KICKED UP THE DUST IN THE FIELDS . . .



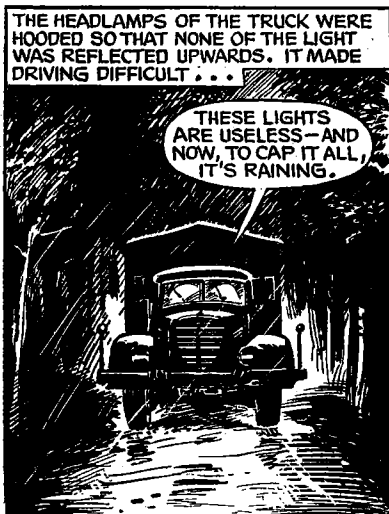
THE PLANES SWEEPED AWAY, BUT SIEGFRIED AND WALTER KNEW THAT THEY, OR OTHERS, WOULD BE BACK...



THEY CUT A HOLE IN THE HEDGE, AND THREW SOME OF THE WOOD INTO THE DITCH. THEY HAD TO BE CAREFUL NOT TO JOLT THE TRUCK TOO MUCH . . .

EASY NOW—THE MAJOR SAID THAT A BAD JOLT MIGHT SET OFF THE EXPLOSIVE.





IT WAS A SUDDEN THUNDERSTORM — AND IT SAVED THEIR LIVES. A SUDDEN FLASH OF LIGHTNING SHOWED THEM A HUGE TREE TRUNK ACROSS THE ROAD...



THAT THE TREE BLOCKED THE ROAD WAS NO ACCIDENT AND THEY KNEW IT. ARMED BANDS BELONGING TO THE FRENCH MAQUIS WERE NOW AMBUSHING AND SABOTAGING GERMAN TRANSPORT . . .



HAD THE LIGHTNING NOT SHOWED THEM THE TREE TRUNK THEY WOULD HAVE STOPPED NEAR THE TREE AND THE GRENADE WOULD HAVE BEEN ROLLED UNDERNEATH THE TRUCK . . .

THEIR BULLETS
BOUNCE OFF THIS
ARMOUR PLATE!

I ONLY HOPE
THEY DON'T EXPLODE
THE CARGO.



SOON THE TRUCK WAS OUT OF RANGE OF THE AMBUSHERS' GUNS AND SIEGFRIED SLOWED ITS HEADLONG RUSH . . .

THERE'S ANOTHER ROAD HERE
WILL TAKE US TO THE CANAL
BRIDGE - CAN WE HAVE THE
LIGHTS ON
AGAIN?



Chapter 2. *STRANGE DISCOVERY!*

BUT WHEN AT LAST THEY GOT TO THE BRIDGE
THEY FOUND IT NO LONGER EXISTED . . .



THEY SLEPT IN THE CAB—AND IN THE PALE
LIGHT OF THE DAWN, THEY SAW THAT THE
GUARD DID NOT EXAGGERATE. BUT THEY
GOT MOVING...

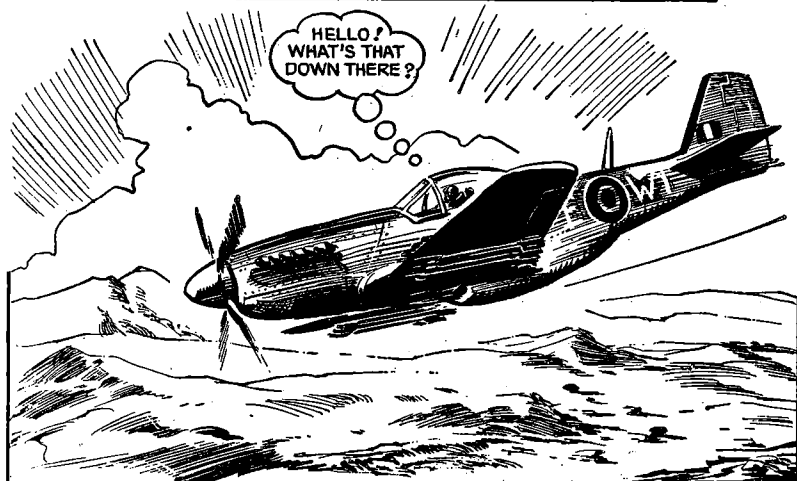
CAREFUL
DOES IT,
SIEGFRIED.
KEEP GOING.



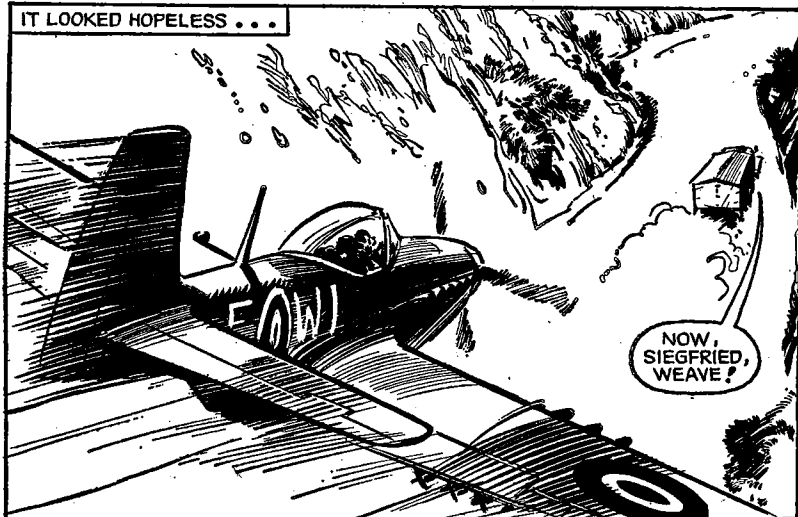
THEY WERE A GOOD WAY FROM THE
FRONT NOW AND THEY THOUGHT THAT
IN THE EARLY HOURS THEY MIGHT BE
SAFE . . .



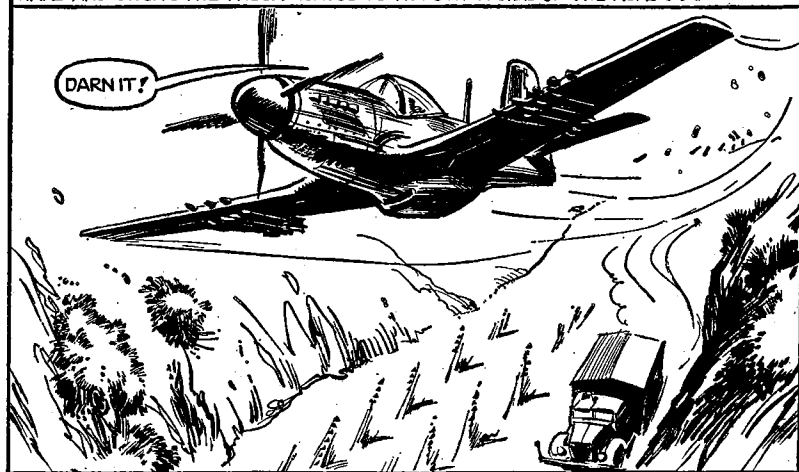
BUT THEY HAD RECKONED WITHOUT THE PILOT OF ONE R.A.F. MUSTANG...



IT LOOKED HOPELESS . . .

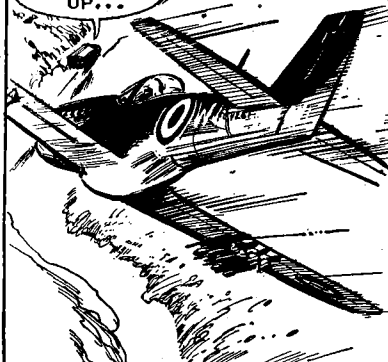


AS THE MUSTANG PILOT OPENED FIRE WITH HIS MACHINE GUNS, SO SIEGFRIED BRAKED HARD AND SWUNG THE TRUCK ACROSS TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROAD . . .

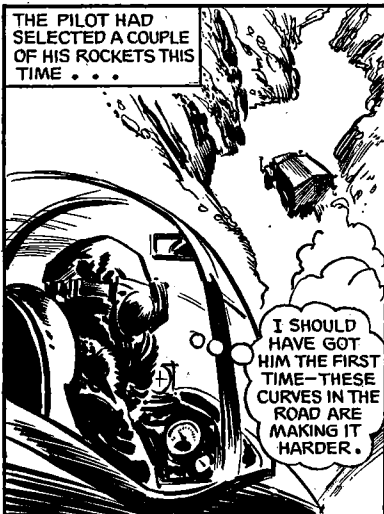


THE PILOT TOOK THE PLANE ROUND IN A CIRCLE AND CAME BACK FOR ANOTHER TRY. THE TRUCK WAS GOING FASTER NOW AS SIEGFRIED URGED IT DOWN THE WINDING HILLSIDE . . .

HE'S
STRAIGHTENING
UP...



THE PILOT HAD
SELECTED A COUPLE
OF HIS ROCKETS THIS
TIME . . .



I SHOULD
HAVE GOT
HIM THE FIRST
TIME—THESE
CURVES IN THE
ROAD ARE
MAKING IT
HARDER.

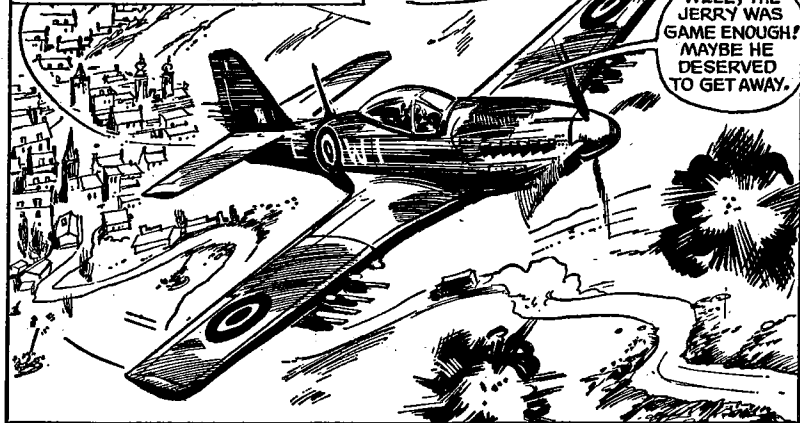
THE PILOT THUMBED THE RELEASE BUTTON AND THE ROCKETS
SPED TOWARDS THE FRANTICALLY SWERVING TRUCK . . .



A
NEAR
MISS!

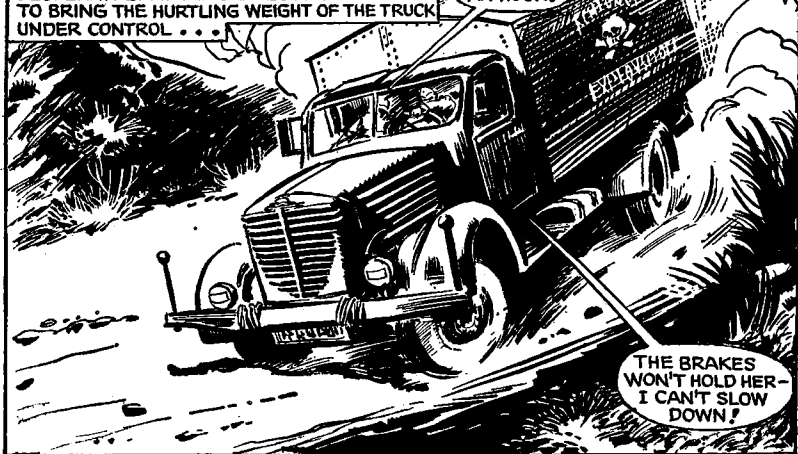
THE MUSTANG ATTACKED ONCE MORE—
AND MISSED AGAIN. NOW THE TRUCK
WAS RUNNING DOWN INTO THE
OUTSKIRTS OF A TOWN THAT WAS
RINGED BY ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS...

WELL, THE
JERRY WAS
SAME ENOUGH!
MAYBE HE
DESERVED
TO GET AWAY.



THE ROAD DESCENDED STEEPLY AND SWIFTLY
INTO THE TOWN AND NOW SIEGFRIED PUMPED
DESPERATELY AT THE BRAKES AS HE SOUGHT
TO BRING THE HURLING WEIGHT OF THE TRUCK
UNDER CONTROL . . .

WE ARE DOING OVER
A HUNDRED KILOMETRES
AN HOUR!



THE BRAKES
WON'T HOLD HER—
I CAN'T SLOW
DOWN!

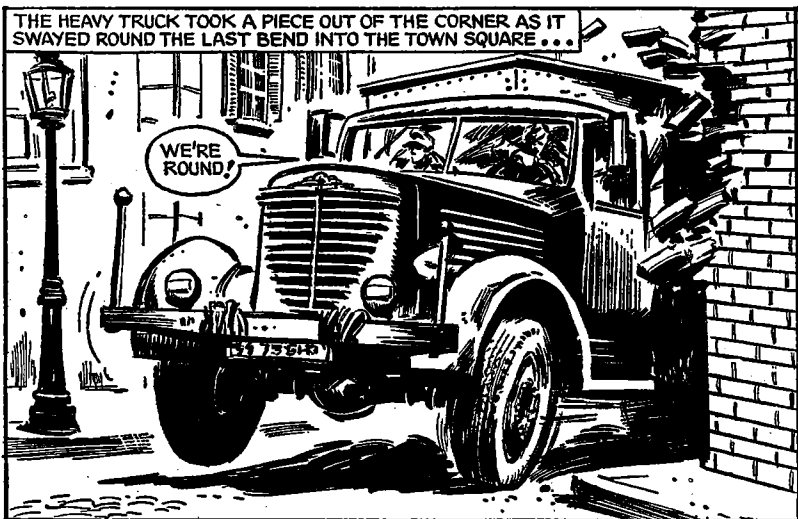
THE KLAXON BLARING FURIOUSLY, THEY RUSHED TOWARDS THE TOWN, WITH SIEGFRIED FRANTICALLY WRESTLING WITH THE WHEEL AS HE STROVE TO KEEP THEM ON THE ROAD . . .



FORTUNATELY, IT WAS STILL EARLY IN THE MORNING AND THERE WERE FEW PEOPLE ABOUT. SIEGFRIED WONDERED GRIMLY IF THERE WOULD BE ANY OF THEM LEFT IF THE TRUCK CRASHED AND EXPLODED . . .



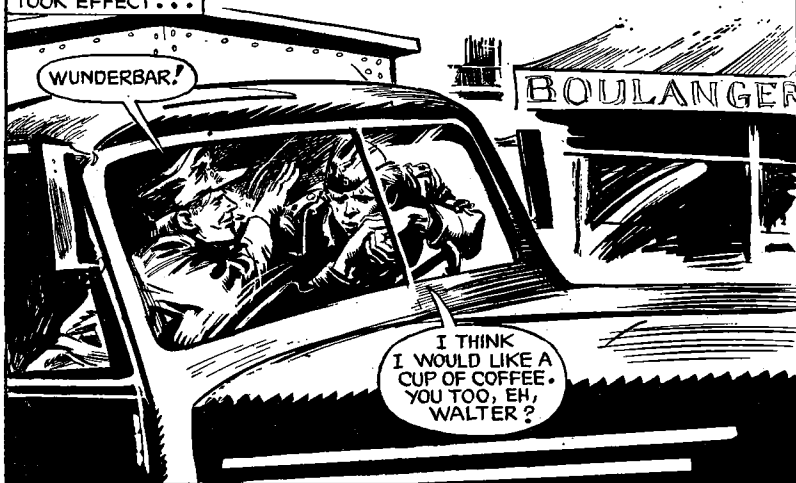
THE HEAVY TRUCK TOOK A PIECE OUT OF THE CORNER AS IT SWAYED ROUND THE LAST BEND INTO THE TOWN SQUARE . . .



MERCIFULLY THE SQUARE WAS LARGE, OPEN—AND ALSO NEARLY DESERTED . . .



ON THE UPWARD SLOPE, THE TRUCK SLOWED AND AT LAST THE OVERHEATED BRAKES TOOK EFFECT . . .



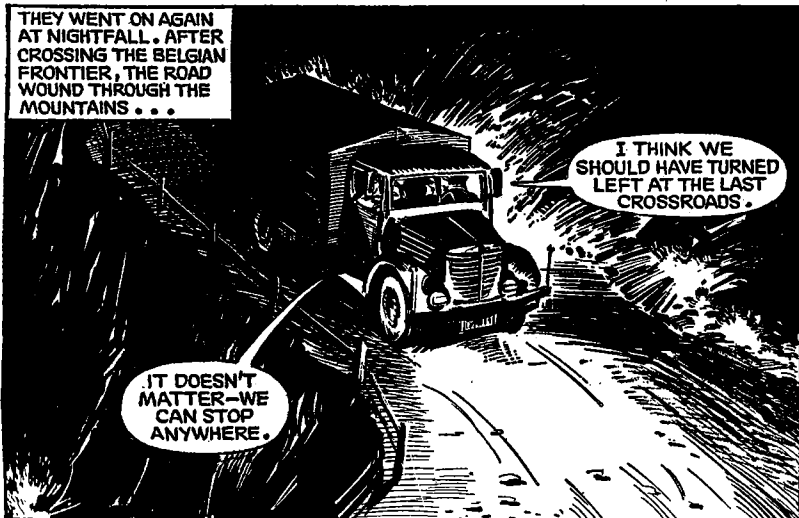
THE FRENCH POLICE WANTED TO MAKE A FUSS UNTIL THEY SAW WHAT WAS WRITTEN ON THE SIDE OF THE TRUCK. AFTER THAT, THEY WERE ONLY TOO ANXIOUS TO HURRY THE PAIR OUT OF THE TOWN . . .



THEY PUT THE TRUCK INTO A DUTCH BARN TO HIDE IT FROM THE AIR,
AND THEN SETTLED DOWN TO SLEEP FOR THE REST OF THE DAY.



THEY WENT ON AGAIN
AT NIGHTFALL. AFTER
CROSSING THE BELGIAN
FRONTIER, THE ROAD
WOUND THROUGH THE
MOUNTAINS . . .



THE ROAD WIDENED AT ONE SPOT AND SIEGFRIED SLOWED AND PULLED UP. THEY GOT OUT . . .



IT SEEMS TO BE SOME KIND OF MINE.

THIS PLACE WILL DO—I DON'T WANT TO TRY ANY MORE OF THAT ROAD IN THE DARK.

THEY PARKED THE TRUCK HARD ALONGSIDE THE CLIFF FACE AND SETTLED DOWN IN THE CAB TO WAIT FOR MORNING . . .



WE HAVE TO RING THE TELEPHONE NUMBER THAT IS INSIDE THIS—THAT WAS WHAT MAJOR FELDSTURN SAID.

AFTER COFFEE—IN THE MORNING, EH?

WHEN MORNING CAME THEY COULD SEE THAT THEIR PARKING PLACE WAS A GOOD ONE, SO SIEGFRIED DECIDED TO WALK BACK TO THE CROSSROADS TO TELEPHONE . . .



SIEGFRIED WAS SURPRISED WHEN HE HEARD THE ANSWER TO THE NUMBER HE CALLED . . .



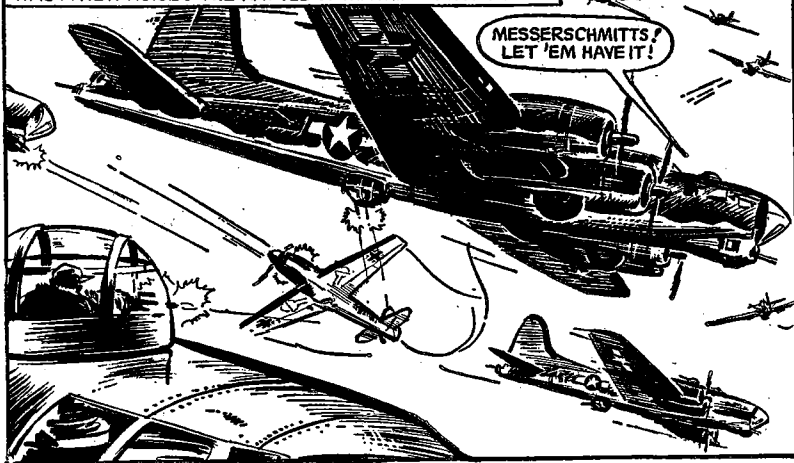
THE SERGEANT FOUND HE WAS TALKING TO A SENIOR GESTAPO OFFICIAL WITH A COOL AUTHORITATIVE VOICE . . .



THERE WAS A STEADILY INCREASING ROAR FILLING THE SKY AS SIEGFRIED CAME OUT OF THE CALL-BOX . . .



AS HE STUMPED OFF UP THE HILL THE THUNDER OF AERO ENGINES SEEMED TO FILL THE SKY. THEN SUDDENLY THERE WAS A NEW NOISE. THE RATTLE OF MACHINE GUNS . . .



FLAMES EXPLODED ROUND ONE OF THE GIANT BOMBERS AND IT TWISTED DOWN TO ITS DOOM. A SECOND FORTRESS DROPPED FROM THE FORMATION, SMOKE POURING FROM TWO OF ITS ENGINES...



THE CRUMP OF EXPLODING BOMBS ECHOED ROUND THE MOUNTAINS ...



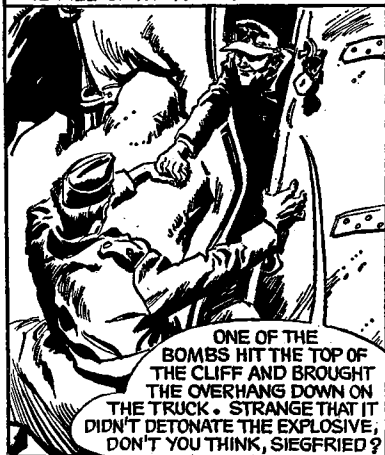
THE DUST HAD SETTLED AND ALL WAS QUIET WHEN SIEGFRIED ARRIVED AT THE MINE ENTRANCE . . .

WALTER!
WALTER! ARE
YOU ALIVE?

IN HERE,
SIEGFRIED!



WALTER'S HEAD POPPED OUT OF THE TRUCK AS SIEGFRIED CLAMBERED UP THE PILE OF ROCK . . .



ONE OF THE
BOMBS HIT THE TOP OF
THE CLIFF AND BROUGHT
THE OVERHANG DOWN ON
THE TRUCK. STRANGE THAT IT
DIDN'T DETONATE THE EXPLOSIVE,
DON'T YOU THINK, SIEGFRIED?

INSIDE THE ARMoured TRUCK,
WALTER SHOWED SIEGFRIED WHAT
HE HAD FOUND . . .



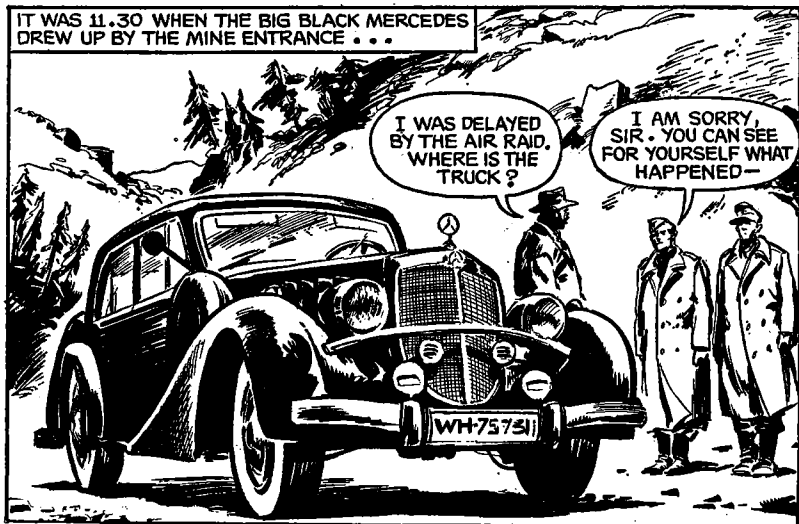
IT'S NOT
EXPLOSIVE,
AT ALL—THEY'RE
PAINTINGS! ART
TREASURES—
LOOK!

BUT MAJOR
FELDSTURN...

AS THEY EXAMINED THE TRUCK'S
CONTENTS THEY REMEMBERED
THE MAJOR'S PATRIOTIC WORDS...



IT WAS 11.30 WHEN THE BIG BLACK MERCEDES
DREW UP BY THE MINE ENTRANCE . . .



THEY TOOK HIM TO THE EDGE OF THE ROAD AND POINTED DOWN . . .



THE GESTAPO OFFICIAL, LIVID WITH RAGE, TURNED ON THE TWO MEN .



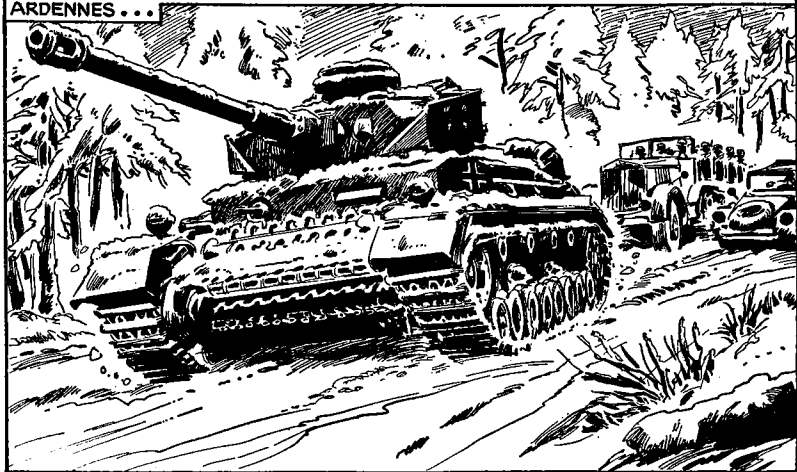
THE TWO OLD SOLDIERS THOUGHT THE GESTAPO OFFICER WOULD EXPLODE WITH BOTTLED-UP ANGER . . .



THE GESTAPO OFFICIAL DROVE AWAY—
LEAVING TWO MEN WHO SUDDENLY
DISSOLVED INTO UNCONTROLLABLE
LAUGHTER .



WITH THE FALL OF WINTER, THE ALLIED ARMIES WERE HALTED AND THEN THROWN
BACK AS VON RUNDSTEDT LAUNCHED A FULL-SCALE COUNTER-ATTACK IN THE
ARDENNES . . .



BUT GRADUALLY, THE GERMAN OFFENSIVE WAS SLOWED AND THEN STOPPED . . .



AND THE ALLIES RESUMED THEIR ADVANCE, SO THAT SIEGFRIED AND WALTER, BACK ON THEIR OLD JOB OF DRIVING A RATION LORRY, ONE DAY FOUND THEMSELVES CONFRONTED BY A CROMWELL TANK...



THEY WERE GOOD SOLDIERS WHO HAD DONE THEIR JOB WELL, BUT THEY KNEW THAT GERMANY WAS BEATEN, AND THEY FELT NO SHAME IN SURRENDERING . . .



THE MAJOR, WHO SPOKE FLUENT GERMAN, GAVE THEM A HOT DRINK AND ASKED THEM ABOUT THE POSITIONS OF THEIR TROOPS...



AND THEY TOLD HIM THE STORY OF THE ARMoured TRUCK AND ITS CONTENTS...

WE WERE SO ANGRY, SIR. AND WE COULD NOT TELL THE AUTHORITIES—THE GESTAPO MAN WAS ONE OF THE AUTHORITIES!



IT WAS A GOOD TALE AND MELVILLE WAS AMUSED BY THE WAY THE MEN HAD TAKEN THEIR REVENGE...



SIEGFRIED AND WALTER WERE SENT BACK TO SPEND THE REST OF THE WAR IN A PRISON CAMP, AND THE TROOP OF CROMWELL TANKS SURGED ON...



MELVILLE HAD NEVER TOLD ANYONE ELSE THE STORY OF THE ARMoured TRUCK — AND HE CERTAINLY MADE NO OFFICIAL REPORT OF IT . . .

THEY WANT US TO KEEP GOING, OLD BOY. WE'LL BE IN BELGIUM BY TOMORROW.

RIGHT, SIR.



BUT AS HE NEARED THE MOUNTAINS OF LUXEMBURG, MELVILLE OFTEN THOUGHT OF THAT TRUCK AND OF ITS TREASURE TROVE . . .

A WHOLE LOAD OF FIRST-CLASS PAINTINGS — IT COULD BE WORTH MILLIONS!



MELVILLE'S SECOND IN COMMAND WAS HARRY BRIGG, A LANCASTRIAN WHO HAD COME UP THROUGH THE RANKS . . .

MEN ARE ALL FED — AND MAINTENANCE COMPLETED, SIR.

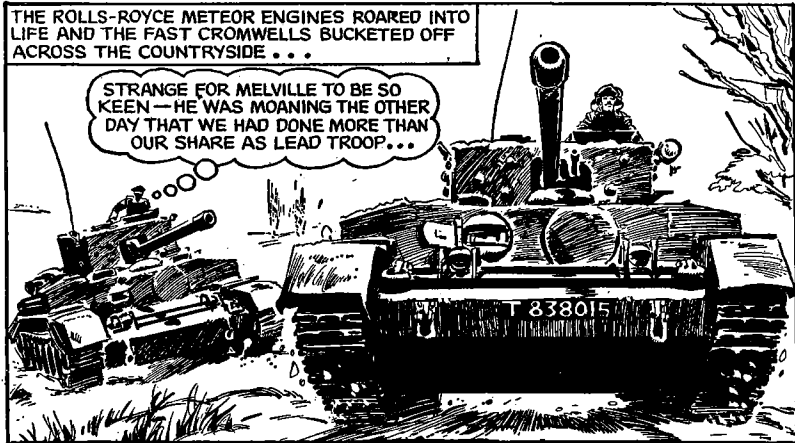
RIGHT, THEN WE CAN GET BACK TO OUR POSITION AT THE HEAD OF THE COLUMN.



Chapter 3. TREASURE TROVE!

THE ROLLS-ROYCE METEOR ENGINES ROARED INTO LIFE AND THE FAST CROMWELLS BUCKETED OFF ACROSS THE COUNTRYSIDE . . .

STRANGE FOR MELVILLE TO BE SO KEEN — HE WAS MOANING THE OTHER DAY THAT WE HAD DONE MORE THAN OUR SHARE AS LEAD TROOP . . .



THE TROOP WERE STILL IN THE LEAD WHEN THEY CAME TO THE CROSSROADS FROM WHICH FELDWEBEL SIEGFRIED MANN HAD MADE HIS TELEPHONE CALL . . .

THE COLONEL HAS ORDERED ME TO HALT HERE — WHY THE DEVIL WON'T HE LET US GET ON ?



AS THE LORRIED INFANTRY AND THE ANTI-TANK GUNS FANNED OUT INTO THEIR DEFENSIVE POSITIONS ON EACH SIDE OF THEM, BRIGG PUZZLED OVER MELVILLE'S STRANGE ATTITUDE . . .



WHEN THE COLONEL ARRIVED, HE CONFIRMED WHAT BRIGG SUSPECTED . . .

JERRY IS HOLDING THE TOP OF THIS MOUNTAIN ROAD IN STRENGTH. THERE'S AN AMERICAN ARMoured COLUMN COMING UP AND THEY'VE BEEN GIVEN THE JOB OF TAKING THE RIDGE.



NO, WE'RE NOT GOING UP THE MOUNTAIN AT ALL - WE'RE SWINGING RIGHT THROUGH THE VALLEY.



ONCE AGAIN, BRIGG WAS MYSTIFIED BY MELVILLE'S OBVIOUS DISAPPOINTMENT.

IT STARTED TO RAIN THAT EVENING .
HARRY BRIGG WAS JUST SETTLING DOWN
TO SLEEP WHEN HE WAS RUDELY
AWAKENED . . .

WE'VE BEEN
ORDERED TO ADVANCE .
START UP, FOLLOW ME—
AND OBSERVE RADIO
SILENCE .

EH? BUT
WHAT ABOUT THE
AMERICANS?

BUT MELVILLE HAD GONE, AND BRIGG
STUMBLED OUT TO HIS TANK, PEERING
THROUGH THE DARKNESS AND THE RAIN . . .

IS THAT YOU,
DRIVER? RIGHT—
START UP.

THE THUNDER ROLLED AND ECHOED
THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS AS THE THREE
TANKS MOVED OFF . . .

KEEP YOUR EYE
ON MAJOR MELVILLE'S
TANK. DRIVER. STAY
THIS DISTANCE
BEHIND HIM.

T1715101

THE ROAD STARTED TO WIND UP INTO THE MOUNTAINS
AND THE GROUND DROPPED AWAY ON ONE SIDE . . .



LUMME!
I HOPE THIS ROAD
DOESN'T GET ANY
NARROWER.

THE DRIVERS SWUNG THE TWENTY-EIGHT
TON MONSTERS CAREFULLY ROUND THE
SHARP BENDS. A MISTAKE WOULD SEND
THEM SLIDING TO DESTRUCTION . . .



THE BIG 75 MILLIMETRE GUN AND THE TWO
BESA MACHINE GUNS WERE READY LOADED.
AT EACH CORNER AS THEY EDGED ROUND IT
THE CREW OF MELVILLE'S TANK EXPECTED
TO FEEL THE HAMMERBLOW OF AN ANTI-TANK
MISSILE . . .



THIS THUNDER
IS GIVING US SOME
COVER, BUT THEY'RE
BOUND TO HEAR
US SOON...

BUT SUDDENLY THE ROAD OPENED OUT AT THE MINE ENTRANCE.
MELVILLE'S TANK SWUNG INTO IT . . .



THE THREE TANKS PULLED INTO THE SPACE IN FRONT
OF THE MINE AND MELVILLE WALKED OVER TO THE
BOARDED-UP OPENING . . .



THEY LEVERED OFF THE BOARDS AND
THE ENTRANCE LAY DARK BEFORE THEM...



NOT FAR FROM THE ENTRANCE MELVILLE
FOUND WHAT HE WAS SEEKING ...



BUT MELVILLE SOUGHT SOMETHING ELSE
AS WELL ...



AND THEN HE SPOTTED SOME IRON
RUNGS FIXED INTO THE WALL ...



WITH HIS HEART BEATING, MELVILLE
CLIMBED SWIFTLY UPWARDS. HE HAD
TAKEN A TREMENDOUS RISK BUT THE
GAMBLE SEEMED TO BE PAYING OFF ...



AT THE TOP OF THE SHAFT, HE FOUND A METAL COVER
WHICH HE CAREFULLY PUSHED ASIDE. RAIN BEAT DOWN
OUT OF DARKNESS ...



MOVING SILENTLY THROUGH THE TREES, HE FOUND HIMSELF CLOSE TO A ROAD—
AND SOMETHING ELSE!



HE HURRIED BACK DOWN THROUGH THE MINE AND SOON A SLEEPY WIRELESS
OPERATOR WAS ROUSING THE INFANTRY CAPTAIN . . .





WHEN THE LAST INFANTRYMAN HAD PASSED THROUGH, MELVILLE SENT BRIGG OUTSIDE, AND SET TO WORK . . .

RECKON
I'VE GOT—
TWO
HOURS.



BUT IT SOON BECAME APPARENT THAT HE WOULD NEVER COMPLETE THE TASK IN TIME . . .

TOO MUCH FOR
ONE MAN! I'LL
GET BRIGG—HE'LL
DO WHAT I TELL
HIM—

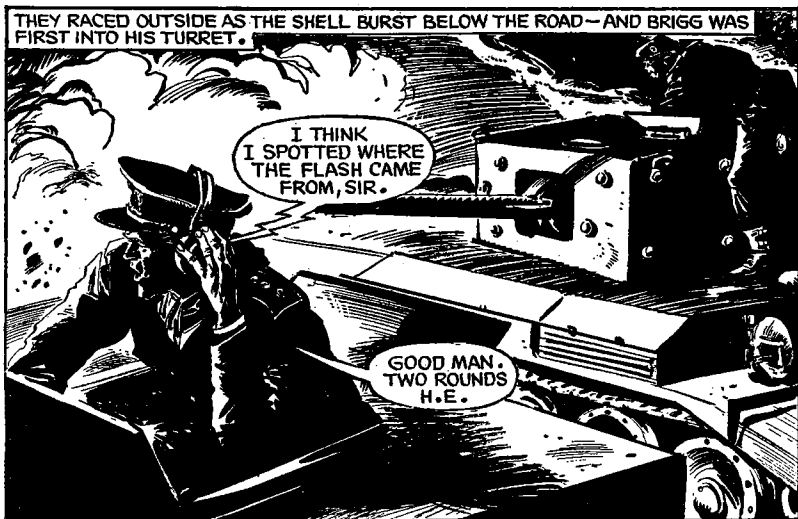


THE RAIN HAD STOPPED OUTSIDE AND IT WAS NOT SO DARK. MELVILLE DRAGGED HARRY BRIGG INSIDE THE MINE, HURRIEDLY EXPLAINING . . .

... WE
CAN MOVE
THEM TO
ANOTHER
PART OF THE
MINE AND
WALL THEM
UP AGAIN
AND NO-ONE
WILL KNOW
WHERE THEY
ARE EXCEPT
US.

I—I DON'T
UNDERSTAND,
SIR? WHAT
PAINTINGS?





AS THE CROMWELLS' BIG GUNS
HURLED THEIR SHELLS ACROSS
THE VALLEY THERE CAME MORE
FLASHES FROM THE DISTANT PEAK...



TWO OF THE TANKS BACKED DOWN THE ROAD. IT WAS AS WELL THEY DID SO ...



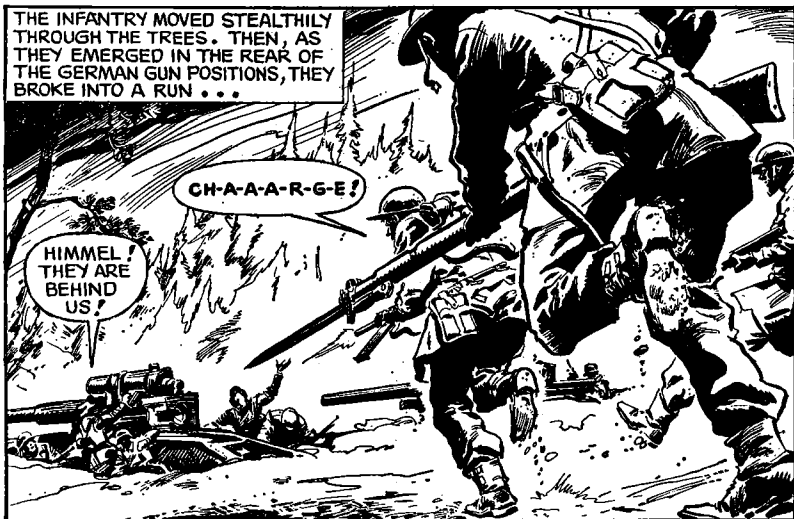
ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP, THE INFANTRY COMMANDER KNEW HE COULD NOT DELAY HIS ATTACK ANY LONGER . . .

THAT GUNFIRE WILL HAVE ALERTED THEM — BUT WE CAN STILL GIVE THEM A SURPRISE. ORDER THE ADVANCE!



YESSIR!

THE INFANTRY MOVED STEALTHILY THROUGH THE TREES. THEN, AS THEY EMERGED IN THE REAR OF THE GERMAN GUN POSITIONS, THEY BROKE INTO A RUN . . .



CH-A-A-R-G-E!

HIMMEL!
THEY ARE
BEHIND
US!



ONE SHELL FOUND ITS MARK IN THE
THIRD TANK OF MELVILLE'S TROOP...



ALMOST IMMEDIATELY, MELVILLE'S GUNNER EXACTED RETRIBUTION...



BUT THE TANKS WERE AN EXPOSED TARGET AND THE GUN DUEL WOULD HAVE HAD ONLY ONE ENDING—IF THE INFANTRY ATTACK HAD NOT SUCCEEDED . . .



THE BIG GERMAN GUNS ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP WERE IN A COMMANDING POSITION AND ONE BY ONE THEY CRASHED INTO ACTION—BUT THEIR TARGETS WERE OTHER GERMAN GUNS!



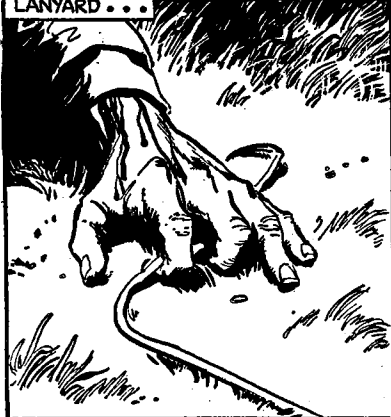
ONE AFTER ANOTHER, THE
GERMAN GUNS ON THE FAR
SLOPE FELL SILENT . . .



MELVILLE THREW OPEN THE
TURRET HATCH TO DISCOVER
THAT HIS TANK WAS ISOLATED
BY WALLS OF ROCK . . .



MELVILLE WALKED TOWARDS THE MINE ENTRANCE. BUT AS HE DID SO, ON THE FAR MOUNTAIN, THE HAND OF A GERMAN ARTILLERY SERGEANT MADE ONE LAST DESPAIRING EFFORT TO PULL A FIRING LANYARD . . .



MELVILLE MIGHT HAVE HEARD THE SCREAM OF THE SHELL IF HIS THOUGHTS HAD NOT BEEN CONCENTRATED ON THE WEALTH THAT LAY SO NEAR . . .



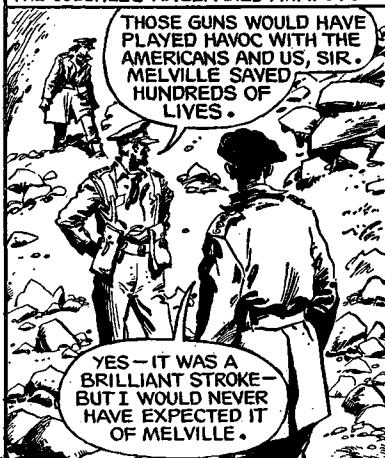
THE SHELL EXPLODED DIRECTLY ABOVE THE MINE ENTRANCE, BRINGING DOWN YARDS OF THE ROOF—DIRECTLY OVER HIS HEAD.



A LITTLE WHILE LATER, THE COLONEL'S JEEP SCREECHED TO A HALT AND THE COLONEL PICKED HIS WAY ANGRILY TOWARDS CAPTAIN HARRY BRIGG.



IN THE FACE OF MELVILLE'S DEATH AND THE OBVIOUS SUCCESS OF THE OPERATION, THE COLONEL'S ANGER DIED AWAY . . .



THE TWO OTHER OFFICERS STOOD ERECT AS THE COLONEL SALUTED THE MAN WHO HAD TAKEN A TREMENDOUS RISK AND PAID WITH HIS LIFE . . .



HARRY BRIGG WAS LEFT ALONE,
STARING AT THE TOMB OF HIS LATE
COMMANDER . . .

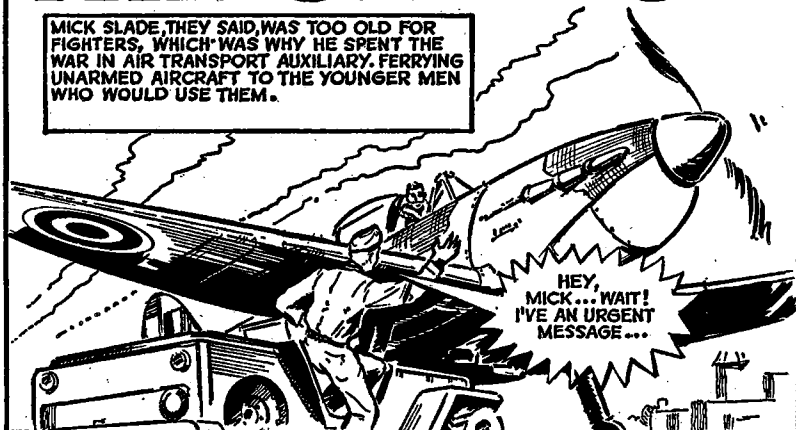


AN ODD CHAIN OF EVENTS HAD PUT TEMPTATION IN MELVILLE'S PATH. HIS GREED LED HIM TO HIS DEATH - BUT CAUSED HIM TO SAVE THE LIVES OF MANY OF HIS INNOCENT COMRADES. SUCH ARE THE STRANGE TWISTS OF FATE . . .



THE OLD FOX

MICK SLADE, THEY SAID, WAS TOO OLD FOR FIGHTERS, WHICH WAS WHY HE SPENT THE WAR IN AIR TRANSPORT AUXILIARY, FERRYING UNARMED AIRCRAFT TO THE YOUNGER MEN WHO WOULD USE THEM.



BETTER KEEP
AWAKE IF THERE
ARE BANDITS AROUND
...HELLO, WHO ARE
THOSE TWO JOKERS
IN THE SUN...

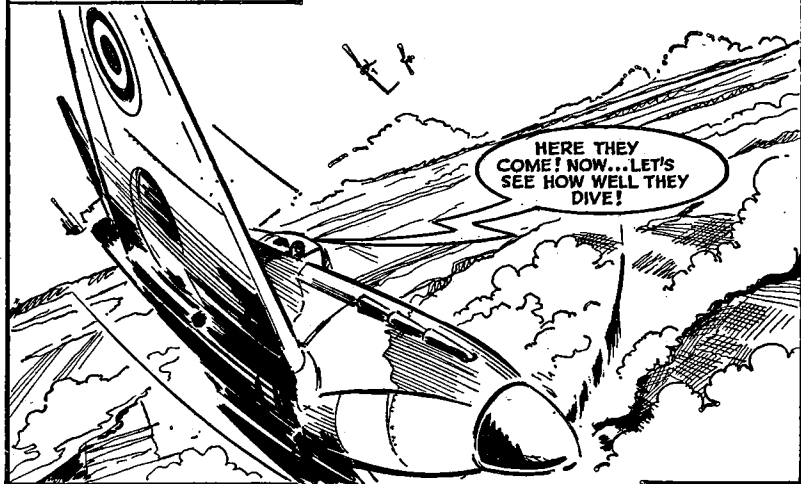


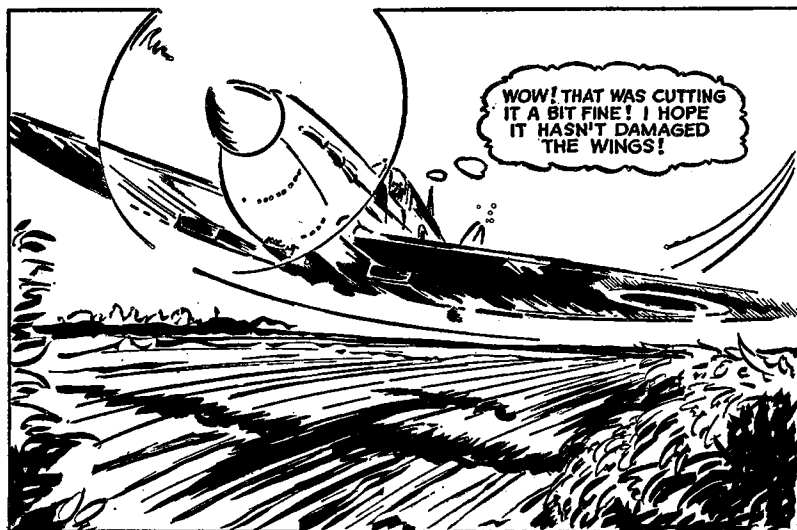
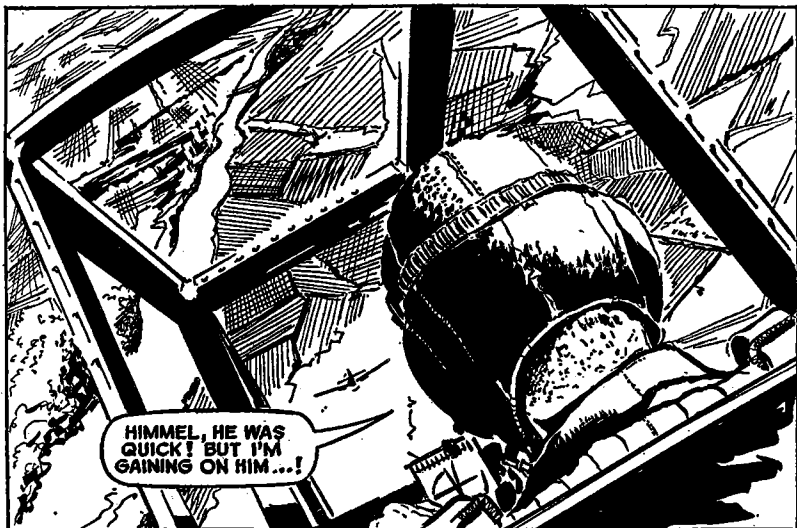
ACHTUNG...
SPITFIRE! HE HASN'T
SEEN US, SO GUARD
MY TAIL WHILE I
FINISH HIM!



THE TWO BANDITS SWOOPED... AND THE SPITFIRE PROMPTLY TIPPED
OVER ON ONE WING-TIP...

HERE THEY
COME! NOW...LET'S
SEE HOW WELL THEY
DIVE!





CONCENTRATING ON HIS "VICTIM", THE
ENEMY PILOT HURTLED INTO THE
GROUND!



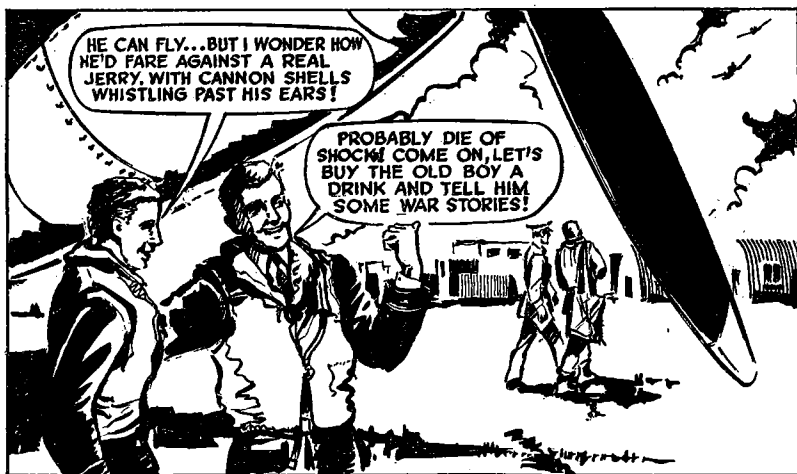
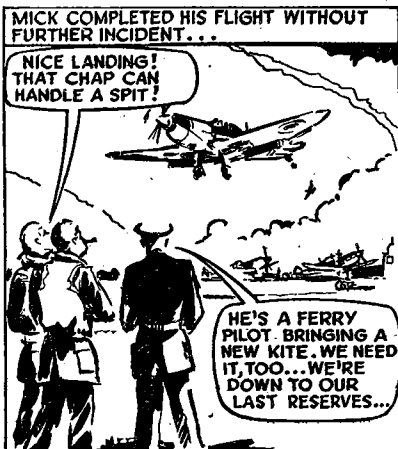
ACH, HEINRICH...
THE ENGLANDER TRAPPED
YOU! BUT I SHALL BE
REVENGED ON HIM!



HMMM, THE PERSISTENT
TYPE! I DON'T WANT TO
USE EMERGENCY BOOST
AND RUIN THE ENGINE,
SO LET'S TRY
SOMETHING ELSE...







Published each month by IPC Magazines Ltd., King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS. Printed by Fleetway Printers, Gravesend, Kent. Subscription facilities (inland and overseas) are not now available. Sole Agents: Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd. WAR PICTURE LIBRARY is sold subject to the following conditions, that it shall not without the written consent of the Publishers first given be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price shown on the cover, selling price in Eire subject to VAT; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition, or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever. SG

For war thrills.. action.. drama

WAR PICTURE LIBRARY

True-to-life adventures of
the men of the fighting
services in World War 2.



**SIX
GREAT
WAR
STORIES
EVERY
MONTH !**

DON'T MISS...

SUSPENSE

45p

PICTURE LIBRARY



ON SALE NOW